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Softly runs the murmuring river,
Through the plains in easy rills,
And the swains their sheep attending,
Pipe melodious on the hills.

In a grove whose ample covert,
Shaded o'er a winding flood,
Close beside the limpid water,
There an ancient abbey stood.

Once it was a holy structure,
Where religious friars stay,
But it long had been deserted
And in heapy ruins lay.

Here two bands of cruel spiders,
Hung their treacherous nets on high,
And lay lurking in a corner;
To surprise the unwary fly.

O'er these lands there ru'd two chieftains,
Whose broad nets contiguous lay,
And they often were disputing,
Who should bear the greatest sway.

When beho'l a fly, whose buzzing
Long employed each monarch's thought,
With its purple wings extended,
Just between the nets was caught.

Hard it struggled for its freedom,
Quite impatient of delay,
When with horrid jaws expanded,
These grim furies seized their prey;

So, two lions from the forest,
Fly with most tremendous roar,
Flocks and herds in pieces rending,
Staining all the ground with gore;

Thus they seize the panting victim,
Loud it sends repeated cries,
Weariest out at last with torture,
Buzzes, struggles, faints, and dies.

Then began a fierce contention,
Who the breathless corpse should have,
Each one thought he best deserved it,
Each with equal fury rave.

Striving still to haul it backwards,
Each black warrior tries in vain,
When around in thick'ning legions,
Cluster all the long-legg'd train.

Adverse parties aid their chieftains,
Long they pull with furious rage,
But when neither tribe could gain it,
All in bloody fight engage;

So, two thundering armies meeting,
Loud with clamour shake the shore,
Dreadful wounds, and death succeeding,
Trumpets sound, and cannons roar.

Thus they rage with dreadful fury,
All in one tumultuous throng,
Foot to foot, was there opposed,
Rank drove rank with force along.

Grinning teeth, and jaws extended,
Eyes that shot a fiery glare,
Fury on each visage painted,
Dreadful rage inspires the war.

Thus they seek each other's ruin,
Thus they pant for mutual blood,
When an owl with fury flying,
Darts out of the gloomy wood.

Straight its flight it then directed
To the scene of hostile fray,
And, with beak and claws extended,
Tore at once both hosts away.

TO HOPE.

HOPE, thou soother of affliction,
Wipe with lenient hand the tear,
Strike me with the kind conviction,
That thy promised joys are near.

Thou from anguish oft relieved me,
Op'd bright prospects to my view,
Tho' thou in the end deceived me,
For the time I thought thee true.

When oppressed with care and sorrow,
Still, kind hope, thou hoverest near,
Thou an angel's form dost borrow,
Doubt's dark gloomy clouds to clear.

When chill poverty oppressing,
Binds the poor man to the oar,
He can bear the weight, confessing
That the best deserves no more.

Ready Hope his ease befriendg,
With the prospect warms his breas
That his toil and trouble ending,
He in Heaven will find his rest.

When love, of peace the bosom robbing,
Scorning spurns at wealth or fame,
When the fond heart thrilling, throbbing,
Vibrates at the dear one's name.

Hope can mitigate the anguish,
Paint the lover faithful, true,
Hope can make us cease to languish,
Every joyful hour renew.

When our friends drop off around us,
Sinking one by one to rest,
Let not grief or doubt confound us,
Hope will whisper they are blest.

When affliction deeper seated,
Than the loss of worldly wealth,
When heart-felt sorrows oft repeated,
Slowly undermine the health,

Hope, firm on her anchor leaning,
Proves our sure and steadfast stay,
She all worldly woes disdaining,
Points to heaven, and leads the way.

LYDIA.